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## Wagner and his Farce.

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On one of those fine summer afternoons such as you sometimes see on the borders of the Tsar, in the year 1865, I, accompanied by a professor of the University of Munich, went for a stroll beyond the gates of the Propylæum. As we found ourselves in front of a villa, built after a fanciful style of architecture and surrounded by high walls, the professor suddenly halted, and, turning to me, said, "Shall we go and see Wagner?" "With all my heart," I replied, my anxiety being prompted rather by curiosity than sympathy.

He rang the bell. The door was opened to us by a mulatto, wearing a fez. We presented our cards, and, two minutes afterwards, we were shown into a delicious little sitting-room opening on to a verandah, which led down to a garden full of roses and butterflies. A lady was reclining lazily on a cane-chair, fanning herself with a Chinese fan, and by her side, with his elbows on the piano, was a gentleman in spectacles, turning over the leaves of a manuscript score. In the middle of the room was a marble bust of the young King of Bavaria. The lady, in a most gracious manner, asked us to be seated, and commenced speaking to me in the purest French. Our conversation was suddenly interrupted by the slamming of a side-door, from which emerged a demon-like figure, his long hair hanging over his shoulders and his spindleshanks terminating in huge felt shoes. This was Wagner. He introduced us to M. and Mme. Bülow.

Out of friendship and admiration for Wagner, Bülow had acted as the *chef d'orchestre* of his operas. It was the night before *Tristan and Isolde* was to be produced, and the *maestro*, full of feverish impatience, could scarcely keep himself quiet. He jumped and fidgeted about in his slippers; he threw his restless spider-arms from one side to the other; the words rushed from his mouth in discordant sounds; it seemed like a torrent swollen with heavy rain.

Such was Wagner in 1865, at Munich. Such we find him, after a lapse of ten years, at Bayreuth. The only change is in the hair, which is now slightly grizzled. The head is the same, as resolute in expression as ever; as strongly marked in outline—the head of a knight of old. His gestures are still as brusque as the thrusts of a rapier, and his tongue has still the volubility of a windmill. The man is highly nervous and passionate. He is a musical Orlando. He is always furious, as though he were going to fight a duel or preach a crusade. He is a perfect volcano. In all he does, in all he says, there is a mixture of lava, of flame and of fire. When first you approach this volcano, you seem to smell burning, and you feel tempted to call the fire brigade. He is haughty and violent in his sublime extravagance. If ever he became Prince of Lippe or of Anhalt he would have all his subjects led to the opera by the police; he would forbid, on penalty of death, people to play on clarinets, zithers, pianos or harmonicas of the principalities any compositions but his own; and he would introduce by decree into private houses musical coffee-grinders, musical beds and sofas, and musical soup-tureens and water-bottles. If ever he obtains the favor of the King of Prussia, he will condemn the Parisians to thirty years of *Tannhäuser*. Despotism and love of power are the basis of this contradictory and warm nature.

He must tyrannize, he must abuse. He beats his players, and then afterwards, with tears in his eyes, begs their pardon. One moment he

insults his singers, the next flatters them and heaps presents on them. In one word, he is impossible. He has quarrelled with all his friends, he has never been able to agree with any theatrical manager, and, at last, determined to reign as absolute monarch, he has been obliged to build himself a theatre. Louis II. himself was obliged to have a draw-bridge built to his own castle; as soon as the Knight Lohengrin is seen throwing up the dust on the distant road the bridge is raised. He was in a very fair way to eat up all Bavaria out of the King's hand.

This northern German has Eastern tastes and Sardanapalian desires. He has scattered about gold by the shovelful; he has thrown fortunes out of window.

When he travels he must have his special train, his servants, his waiting-maids, his bed-hangings of yellow silk worked in gold, his silver and his wine. He hires entire hotels, and asks for the bedroom in which princes have slept. At Bayreuth he holds a real court, and at this moment I do not know of any other so brilliant in Germany. He has his equipages, his comedians, his courtiers, his lacquies and his favorites. From the four corners of the world people come to solicit an audience, and to prostrate themselves before the pontiff of the music of the future.

His villa has the sacred aspect of a temple. The façade from the roadway is adorned with a large fresco, representing Wotan, the Goddess of Music, and Siegfried. Wotan and Siegfried are the two principal characters of the *Nibelungen-ring*, the opera in three days, for the performance of which the theatre at Bayreuth has been built. Wagner has given Wotan the features of the tenor, Schnorr von Carolsfeld, who was to sing the part, but who died young. The Goddess of Music is represented by Mme. Bülow (I should say, Mme. Cosima Wagner), and Siegfried by his son of six years of age. Above these allegorical pictures appears, in gold letters, the name of another person belonging to the *Nibelungen-ring*, he who gave the house its name—Wahnfried. If the exterior is a church, the interior is a pagoda. The large reception-room, surrounded by a circular gallery, is lighted by a cupola. The busts of Wagner and Mme. Cosima are displayed for the veneration of the faithful on a sort of altar, round which are ranged, like Brahmins, the statues of Lohengrin, Tannhäuser, Siegfried, Tristan and Walter von der Vogelweide, draped in marble.

From this sanctuary, where Viechnou-Wagner only shows himself to his worshippers, and only in his unpublished works, you go into another room, the window of which looks on to a terrace. A bookcase fills three sides of the room, and a grand piano, half-hidden by a drapery, opens its ivory mouth like the familiar monster of the place. The walls are ornamented with medallions of Schiller, Goethe, Louis II., and of Schopenhauer, the Pantheist philosopher. The splendor of this room is somewhat theatrical. Everything in it is brilliant and dazzling, and the picturesque disorder is possibly the result. It is here that Wagner ascends his tripod.

He works in the morning. According to the German motto, "Morgenstunde ist goldene stunde." In the winter an immense fire is lighted, the rose-colored candles, burning in silver candlesticks, emit voluptuous odors; in the summer the windows are open, and the room is filled with the sweet scent of the dawn. Before setting to work, Wagner takes a bath, and in a cup of black coffee, brought to him in

a gold cup, pours forth libations to the goddess of music. What care he takes of his body and mind! When the great naturalist, Buffon, wrote the works the style of which answers so well to the majesty of the subject, he was satisfied to wear a decent coat, a shirt-frill and ruffles of lace; when Wagner begins to work, he must needs have the curtains and the hangings of his room in harmony with the subject upon which he is engaged; he even insists on his dressing gown, trousers, cap and slippers being in harmony with his musical subject. It is not easy to comply with all these requirements. When the object has been attained the *maestro* exhibits his inspiration by strange antics and small exclamations of joy. Wagner can only work in complete silence. As soon as he is heard to caper and to cry, no one is allowed to move: at the slightest noise his music takes immediate flight, and the world loses a *chef d'œuvre*. When Wagner, owing to the kindness of Meyerbeer and Maurice Schlesinger, lived in Paris, he required neither this ridiculous luxury nor this stupid affectation to inspire him. It was in the year 1840, and at this time Wagner, who set himself up as a mortal enemy of kings, knew what it was to suffer hunger nobly. He did not then present his works to the world as though they were sybilline leaves; his music was not incomprehensible, it had some charming oases. At 11 o'clock Wagner crosses Bayreuth in a carriage and goes to his theatre, which is at the other extremity of the town. The rehearsals generally last three hours. Upon his return he breakfasts alone, taking oysters, cold meat and wine. Two hours later he dines with his family. His dinner consists invariably of six *entrées*. He has an inordinate passion for thrushes, and he manages to get them all the year round. Cheese, likewise, is a favorite relish of his. In his cellar he has a special compartment which is called "The Cheese Museum;" here Brie ripens gently, Gruyère becomes a deeper gold, Roquefort becomes stronger, and Camembert melts into tenderness. Wagner only drinks beer from a patriotic motive. Every evening he goes to Ankerman's, the general rendezvous of all the singers and musicians, and drinks his beer. In the midst of the smoke of pipes which envelops him, he resembles a god of Walhalla who has descended, *incognito*, into the country of potatoes. At his own house the author of *Tannhäuser* only moistens his divinity with champagne. His little suppers are reputed as being very lively, *Les grives les rendent grivois*.

His jokes make the ladies present turn as red as peonies. He is a man emphatically full of contrasts, for if he finds his friends a little too jovial, he has an easy method of damping their spirits. Mysteriously he brings forth a dark lantern and invites his friends to follow him. You go down into the garden, passing through a door half-hidden by a curtain of ivy, and you suddenly find yourself in the midst of a sombre forest surrounded by strange fantastic sounds. At first you are puzzled, then you begin to get anxious, and at length silence roots you to the spot. Wagner suddenly darts his lantern upon a huge block of granite, and in a sepulchral voice says—"My friends, this is my tomb; think of death!" This announcement acts as a *douche*—you return to the drawing-room to talk of death, the plurality of worlds, the soul, and virtue; but you always finish up with Bismarck and France.

Wagner has always thought himself a great politician. In 1849 he was at the head of the insurgents of Dresden, and he threatened to burn and pillage all within his reach. To

him a revolution, with its volley of musketry, discharges of cannon, wild cries and streams of blood was as fine as a great tragic opera. He was compelled to take refuge in Switzerland. From Zurich he fired off incendiary pamphlets against the German despots. But since then the Parisians have had the bad taste to hiss his *Tannhäuser*, and it is not Germany but France which he now attacks.

The defeat of the French army, the bombardment of Paris, naturally put this musical Luther into a state of savage delight. In these disasters he saw the just punishment of a nation who had failed to appreciate his genius, and who had pushed their sacrilege so far as to hiss one of his operas. In his gratitude to the representative of the decrees of God, he composed his hymn to the Emperor with an accompaniment of cannon, and he was anxious to celebrate threefold—in prose, in verse and in music—the fall of modern Babylon. In the preface of the ninth volume of his complete works, Wagner writes—"At the close of the glorious year 1870 I thought that our comic authors would, in their popular pieces, use their satirical verse at the expense of their enemies, and that they would turn the Parisian mishaps into ridicule." But the verse was wanting, it seems, and Wagner—not seeing anything forthcoming—put his own shoulder to the wheel. He informs us that he wrote in a few days the comedy—*à la manière antique*—entitled, *A Capitulation*, which is to be found in the beginning of this ninth volume. In these pages Wagner shows himself in quite a new light. Wagner, the poet—Wagner, the solemn and the envious, imitating the racy and incisive Aristophanes—a goose waddling after a wasp and trying to imitate its flight! In the thrilling drama of the fall of Paris, Wagner saw nothing but the subject for a comedy. And what a comedy! A vulgar, silly, senseless farce, without taste and without a spark of wit. It is not even like one of those common squibs which country boys let off on holidays under the noses of passers-by; it is a series of idiotic jokes, a farago of French and German words so utterly stupid that, instead of making you angry, it makes you wonder if M. Gagne is not greater than Wagner.

In this extravaganza, Trochu rhymes with *paraplusie*, Turcos with *sauce*, Macmahon with *Sedan*, and Wagner changes Blondin into *Blondel* in order that it should rhyme with *gondel* (gondola).

The following is the list of French people at whose expense the author of *Tannhäuser* amuses himself:—

Victor Hugo;	
Chœur des gardes nationaux;	
Mottu, commandant de bataillon;	
Perrin, directeur de l'Opéra;	
Lefèvre, conseiller de légation;	
Keller,	} Alsaciens;
Dollfus,	
Diedenhofer, Lorrain;	
Vefour, Chevet, Vachette;	
Jules Favre	} membres du Gouvernement;
Jules Ferry	
Jules Simon	
Gambetta;	
Nadar;	
Flourens, Mégy et des Turcos;	
Rats de Paris.	

The theatre represents the exterior of the Hôtel de Ville. In the middle is an altar dedicated to the Republic; underneath is an opening resembling the prompter's box. The "ancient" staircase which goes up at the back forms the balcony belonging to the Hôtel de Ville. The tower of Notre Dame and the cupola of the Pantheon are seen in the distance. Right and left are the statues of Metz and Strasbourg, crowned with flowers.

Victor Hugo is the first to appear; he puts his head out of the opening below the altar and attempts to get out; the perspiration pours off his forehead. "At last," he exclaims, "I breathe again the air of this blessed country—Paris! oh my Paris, which has so much need of me! I come, yes, I am come; I am really

here. I am going to write a book relating how it all happened. I have enough matter for 120 volumes. My God! I am speaking in Alexandrine lines!" etc.

After a monologue, which lasts an hour, the poet asks himself where he is. "What is it that's above my head? Is it the gallows? perhaps a blessed guillotine? Hum! is it the Place de Grève? No. I do not know myself. The Hôtel de Ville ought to have more stories. At this juncture subterranean voices are heard, "Victor! Victor! come back to us."

"HUGO—What's that? I am being called to from the bottom of the sewers (turning his head). Who is down there?"

"VOICES—We are the spirits of the protectors of Paris."

Victor hesitates, not feeling sure if he will go up or down, when suddenly the melody of the "Marseillaise" breaks forth. "Oh, what delicious strains!" exclaims Victor Hugo. "I am no musician, but I should recognize the tune of the 'Marseillaise' ten miles off. I must go out—I must show myself." A chorus of National Guards appears on the scene: they walk round the altar of the Republic, singing:

"Republic, Republic, Republic! blick! blick!

Repubel! repubel, repubel! blick! blick! blick!

Repubel, pubel, purpubel, purpubel, re plick.

"MOTTU—Stop! homage to Strasbourg! [The chorus approaches the statue of Strasbourg].

"MOTTU—Present arms! where is the Alsatian who sings the hymn?"

"KELLER (dressed as corporal)—Here.

"MOTTU—Stand forward and sing!"

Keller advances and sings in Alsatian dialect—

"O Strasbourg, ô Strasbourg."

During these strains the National Guards throw the bouquets they have been carrying on the point of their guns on to the knees of the statue of Strasbourg. The same business in front of the statue of Metz. They then march round the altar singing, "Republic, republic, blick," etc. MM. Dollfus, Victor Hugo, Flourens, Lefèvre, Mottu, speak in turn; Jules Simon and Ferry appear, M. Jules Favre is heard sobbing. At last the chorus announces the arrival of M. Perrin:—

"Voyez, bourgeois, Perrin

Qui monte sur le perron;

Perron, Perrin,

Mirliton, ton ton.

Prenons-le au lieu de Plon-plon, plon!"

A chorus of Parisians set out to find the Government. We will just quote the verse, which, though in French, savors of German grace:

"Etes-vous au rocher de Cancale?

Paris souffre d'une soif de Tantara.

Général Trochu, le galérien,

Fais donc parler le Mont-Valérien!

Faut canonner, canonner!

Gouvernement, bombardement

Bombardement, gouvernement.

Gouvernement, gouvernement, gouvernement, ment, ment!

The people of Paris, getting tired of the siege, prevail upon M. Perrin to give them something fresh in the way of music and of dancing. Suddenly appear upon the scene rats, which soon change into "rats" of another kind, in the form of ballet-dancers, most airily dressed. At the entrance of the author of *Orphée aux Enfers*, the chorus begins singing

"Kra-k! kra-k! kra-krakrak!

C'est le sire Jack Offenbach!

Kra-k! kra-k! kra-krakrak!

O splendide Jack Offenbach!

Qui veut qu'on chante et qu'on danse!

The chorus of the National Guards dance the *Cancon* with the ballet girls, whilst the Turcos give themselves up to all kinds of capers. Jules Favre attempts to make a speech, but only a few words are heard, such as "Eternal shame! never! not one stone!"

Offenbach conducts the orchestra and the chorus recommends:—

"Danson, chantons,

Mirliton! ton! ton!

C'est le génie de la France.

Qui veut qu'on chante et qu'on danse!

Victor Hugo seizes his lyre, and, advancing in front of the stage, accompanies himself as he sings as follows:—

"Mirliton; flon, flon,

A la bataille de Sedan

Ils ont battu Mac-Mahon!

Cependant toute l'armée,

Général Trochée,

Troché, —Trochu,

Laladrons—Ledru!

S'enferme dans les forts de Paris

En l'an mil huit cent soixante-dix.

Cafés, restaurants,

Diners de gourmands,

Garde mobile

Et bal Mabille,

Mystère de Paris,

Et poudre de riz,

Chignons et pomnade,

Théâtre et promenade,

Cirque, hippodrome,

La colonne Vendôme;

Concerts populaires

Was wollt ih noch mehr

Et toi, peuple de penseurs,

Que te fais de pareils malheurs?"

Whilst Victor Hugo is reciting the verses of Wagner, attachés of the embassies are seen coming out of the prompter's box followed by the managers of the great German theatres, whom the author cannot forgive for looking for their principal singers in Paris. Attachés and managers dance in the most grotesque manner and, as the piece says, are laughed at by the chorus. At this point, Victor Hugo is illuminated by Bengal lights and the curtain falls.

This extravaganza by the musicsan of kings, who styles himself the king of musicians, is no less than forty-eight pages long, without counting the prologue in verse, which is dedicated to the German army before Paris, and the preface, which is a real declaration of war to the Latin races.

To analyze this last work of Richard Wagner is to do it sufficient justice. The German theatres have already, however, avenged the Parisians; no one theatre has dared bring out this caricature—the work of a rhinoceros who has tried to dance on the tight-rope.

A. X.

### Lady Students at Milan.

[From *The Chronicle of the Continent*, Geneva.]

MILAN, Feb. 28.

The name Milan, to English and American ears, suggests music; and the musical student dreams of Italy and its musical centre, as the point to which all energies must be bent, in order to secure its superior advantages in the study of opera.

Students come from all parts of the globe, some with great ambitions, others with more modest ones; and again others who have adopted the musical profession for lack of any better opening. The latter are to be pitied; for the greatest fanatic of music is often cured of his fanaticism when admitted to the circle of artists, and allowed a glimpse at artist-life, as it presents itself "behind the scenes."

The great number of students who come here are not sufficiently aware of the expenses they must meet, the great length of time it requires to perfect one-self in the art of singing, and, in general, the difficulties they must contend with to gain success. Even though they carefully study such information as may reach them through letters upon the subject, there is much that can be learned only by experience.

The fact that so many come unprepared with adequate means, has in many instances been the cause of their ruin. They found difficulty in coming at all, and estimated expenses at the lowest figure possible (the most economical student must average about 3,000 francs per year) which, was, perhaps, the greatest amount that could be provided by friends. Finding their allowance insufficient, and too proud to return to their homes, they have become unworthy the name they bore, and brought upon their families disgrace and shame. It is a matter not to be treated lightly, and, if parents and brothers were fully aware of the difference between their own countrymen and those among whom their sisters or daughters must be thrown—men



who, while lacking the nobility, the strong sense of honor, which characterizes Englishmen and Americans, are, when men of talent and culture, the most fascinating in the world—if, I repeat, they realized this, nothing would be omitted by them to further the safety of those dear to them, against the snare laid for innocent or unwatchful feet.

Again, students come without a fixed idea as to who are the best *maestri*, and being advised differently by every person they meet, lose time, money, and often voice, in their search for the best *maestro*. It is a question on which, in each individual case, no conscientious person, unless blinded by prejudice, will hastily decide. A method that makes an artist of one student may, through failure in comprehending or applying it, prove a failure to a second; a student must therefore study the matter carefully, possess himself of patience, choose a *maestro*, and say, "This man has made artists, and surely the blame is with myself if I fail to accomplish something."

The expenses of living in Milan have increased within the past few years, and are not very different from the expenses of student life in Boston.

Boarding in *pensione* costs for one person, from 150 to 165 francs per month. If a young lady is accompanied by an elderly lady, apartments can be taken and expenses lessened. Apartments, and usually the *pensione*, are in the third or fourth story, with stair-ways dark and gloomy, and pervaded with odors that present to the practical mind suggestions of possible disease, and of the need of a Sanitary Commission.

A number of ladies of London, aided by Americans as well, have started what they have been preparing for at least four years, and after four months trial it has proved itself far more successful than could have been expected in so short a time. It is a household for the benefit of young ladies who are in Milan alone as students. A household, termed *Casa Vocalizia*, which offers the comforts of home if not the luxuries, at a moderate expense.

The ladies selected a house that is devoid of the mould, dirt, and damp that haunts most Milan houses, and engaged the *primo piano*. The cost per month is placed at £5 in gold (usually amounting to 135frs. Italian currency) per four weeks, which includes three Italian lessons per week, the use of the public pianos, and the privilege of the occupancy of a box at the opera, which belongs to the house. The latter, to girls who are here alone, and to whom listening to good music is a necessity, is of inestimable value; for in Milan two young ladies, or even three, be they ever so earnest and good of intention, cannot attend the opera without the chaperonage of an elderly married lady, unless they are willing to brave public opinion and the remarks of men who feel themselves justified in addressing ladies who are without proper attendance.

The prices of the best teachers vary from 96 to 150 francs per month, according to the number of lessons per week. One teacher charges ten francs per lesson, giving but two or three lessons per week. Another, 130 francs per month, a lesson every day, or three lessons each week, eight francs an hour. A third receives 150 francs per month, giving a lesson each day.

When lessons are not taken every day, it is necessary to have an accompanist at least twice each week, her charge being from 2½ to 3 francs per hour.

The rent of pianos is but ten francs per month.

In winter, there is the additional expense of heating rooms. It is a serious matter, as well as an expensive one. Take warning therefore, ye who are yet to be residents of Milan during one of its short but severe winters! Be a very tyrant in the matter of choosing a room or rooms, that can be heated; and be not deceived by a room whose lofty ceiling seems matched by the immensity of its fireplace. 'Tis a delusion, a snare, a fraud!

You will sit during the winter days that ought to be spent in vigorous study, smoking the tips of your fingers in the vain attempt to warm them, and feel the while, playful breezes wafting about your ears in a manner that is trying, not to say exasperating.

Believe the words of a sufferer, it does not give the countenance an expression of supreme happiness.

Madame Masse, the efficient directress of *Casa Vocalizia*, has made her receptions on Friday evening very popular and agreeable by their lack of formality. Pupils of Maestri Lamperti, Basili, and others are always well represented.

Upon the last occasion, Mr. R. Froelich, and daughter, of New York City, were among the

guests, the English Consul, the American Consul and son, Rev. Mr. Menge and family, the venerable Maestro Basilio Basili, and Signor Del Lorenzo, the well-known *maestro* of languages, and Signorina Teresa Sarmanni, the authoress of *Emancipazione e Famiglia*, and of a new drama which will probably be given at the *Teatro Manzoni* this spring. There were songs in Russian, Danish, Italian, German, and English, a violin solo by the young daughter of Madame Scholl, and piano solos by Mme. Scholl, herself, as well as by other dilettanti.

FRAU MILLE.

### Employment for the Blind.—Piano Tuners.

A few weeks ago the community was called to mourn the loss of one of her most valuable members, and still more recently the memorial services at Music Hall in honor of the late Dr. Samuel G. Howe have fastened upon his memory the noble title of "the Massachusetts Philanthropist." These events have attracted public attention and interest to the life and labors of this great man, and the Institution for the Blind, which now mourns the loss of a father, has been thronged with visitors, whose interest is more than mere idle curiosity, whose sympathies have been awakened by the story of a life of devotion to the good of others, and who are silently asking what good work they can do. It is in answer to this unspoken query that the writer now seeks to bring before the public an urgent need of this institution, which the public alone can supply, and a means of paying tribute to the memory of the deceased by helping to fruition the seed which he has sown in faith.

Those who are acquainted with the condition of the blind well know that in this, as well as in other countries, one of the hardest trials which they have to encounter is the distrust of their ability, which is almost universally felt by strangers, and the consequent difficulty in obtaining employment when their education is completed. The musical art has been so long and so successfully studied by the blind both here and abroad that the public in general has yielded its scruples, and the graduates of this department of the South Boston Institution are enjoying their hard-won right to compete on equal terms with the seeing musician. Piano-tuning is a newer field of labor for the blind, and is now, by earnest and patient efforts, seeking to win its way to public confidence. It was started some years ago in the *Institution des Jeunes Aveugles*, in Paris, by a young man, Claude Montal, a pupil of the institution, who, annoyed by the frequent neglect of the seeing tuner of the establishment, conferred with one of his companions, and the two friends determined to try to tune the piano which they used. The tuner complained to the director, and they were forbidden to touch the instruments.

But their first attempt had convinced them that here was a new occupation which they could learn, and only they whose resources are few can fully appreciate how great a blessing this discovery was to them. Not disheartened, they contrived to purchase an old piano, and obtained permission to have it brought to the institution, where they took it apart, repaired and tuned it successfully. The director saw them at their work, and was thus convinced that the tuning of pianofortes could be successfully accomplished by the blind. Montal, already a skilful musician, was allowed to pursue his studies in tuning, and received an appointment as professor in the institution, which he afterwards left for the more lucrative business of manufacturing pianos. He made some valuable improvements in the construction of these instruments, and to him the profession is indebted for the most valuable and scientific treatise on the art of tuning which has ever been published. From this beginning the tuning of pianofortes has become widely and favorably known in France as a suitable and remunerative employment for the blind.

In England, where it has been but recently introduced into institutions for the blind, there has been the same incredulity of the public to overcome, which Montal met in the institution where he was being educated; but this doubt and hesitation are gradually yielding, and in addition to the patronage which they are receiving from schools and families, several of the leading piano manufacturers of London are now employing as regular tuners a large number of the pupils of the Royal Normal College for the Blind. The tuning depart-

ment of the institution at South Boston is now suffering from this feeling of doubt and scepticism which makes both families and manufacturers hesitate to employ a blind tuner. This department has now a larger and better educated class than ever before, and its members, who are also students in the musical department, are here thoroughly instructed in the mechanism of the piano, as well as the theory and practice of tuning. As an offset to their misfortune, they bring to their work a greater knowledge and a more finely cultivated ear than the ordinary tuner.

Thus prepared, they eagerly ask the public to test their work, and, if found satisfactory, to give them the employment to which the necessarily limited range of their avocations especially entitles them, and by which they may attain an honorable independence. We trust that they whose hearts have been warmed, and whose better feelings have been quickened by the noble life of the departed philanthropist, will not turn a deaf ear to the cry of his children.—*Daily Advertiser*.

### The Fine Art Museum.

[From the Journal, March 27.]

The trustees of the Fine Art Museum within a few months, possibly in May, will be able to exhibit to the contributors to the building fund and to the public the result of their labors. The progress of the building at the junction of Huntington avenue and Dartmouth street has been watched with interest by those who see in the section now approaching completion the promise of an institution which will have a most beneficial influence in promoting a love and knowledge of art, and in stimulating among all classes an interest in many kindred branches which have hitherto been neglected in Boston. While the main object is the collection of paintings and statuary, and the opening to students in drawing opportunities to study the models of the most celebrated masters, the scope of the institution will, as it progresses and new sections are added, embrace whatever will promote progress in the industrial arts by furnishing for study and suggestion the skilled productions of the artist and artisan. While it will be a museum where the visitor may find rare paintings and statuary to attract attention, and where the simply curious may pass an hour inspecting the peculiar art products of the ancients, it will have still higher claims to public encouragement by the opportunities it will afford for obtaining a vast amount of information which will be particularly useful in developing taste and raising the standard of production in many pursuits. It has already been shown, since drawing was introduced into our public schools, that our people are not deficient in artistic taste, but that innate taste requires encouragement to secure its full development. As we increase as a nation we want to keep pace with our competitors, seek to meet that craving for something better and higher, and it will be beneath the roof of this institution that those who cannot seek a foreign shore will receive that inspiration which will be a boon to the industrial classes and a blessing to the community.

The present building will not throw open its doors and show a museum of fine arts such as the Old World can exhibit; but its spacious galleries and rooms will contain much that is rich in interest and much that is truly valuable. The architectural ornamentation of the exterior, though somewhat fanciful, certainly designates at a glance the object to which the building is devoted. The bas-reliefs suggest the contents within, and though we may have sympathized, when the thermometer was below zero, with the departed great, as we have seen their heads thrust through the port holes, and may have wondered why they defied the inclemency of our climate when doctors' bills are such expensive luxuries, we must admit that on a pleasant afternoon, when the sun is shining and the light strikes upon the facade, there is a bright and cheery tone to the edifice which is inviting. If the exterior be open to the criticism that it is a little too ornate, there is in the interior a soberness which is in pleasing contrast. Nothing could be more severely plain than the finish and coloring. There is nothing in the building to detract from the works of art—no evidence of a mistaken attempt to show what architectural flagrant could accomplish. There are indications of thoroughness and durability from the basement to the roof. The treasures which will here be collected demanded a fire proof building, and this has been secured.

In the basement story there are rooms for the

use of pupils in drawing, the business office of the trustees, and the apartments of the janitor. In the two stories above there is the main picture hall, which is admirably lighted; a room for the Gray collection of engravings; the Egyptian room, which will contain the valuable collection given by the late Samuel A. Way; a room which is being finished with an interior bought in London and presented by Mrs. T. Bigelow Lawrence, which is unique in this country, and the "Loan Room," where contributions temporarily in charge of the trustees will be placed. The main stair-case and the areas afford suitable space for the disposition of statues. In Egyptian art, in plaster models of the best production of Grecian and Roman art, and in engravings, the Museum will possess at the start collections which will be noteworthy. As the paintings and statuary of the Boston Athenaeum will form a portion of the exhibition, whatever is valuable will add to the newer portions of the collection.

The fact that Boston is to possess an institution of the character we have indicated, has already induced many contributions of genuine value. For the possession of several beautiful pieces the trustees are indebted to the liberality of a few of our townsmen, who have requested Mr. Charles C. Perkins to act as their agent in making such appropriation of their donations as would be most conducive to the wants of the Museum. It will be remembered Senator Sumner made a gift of pictures, paintings, etc., to the trustees, giving to them full power to sell such portion as they wished and employ the money in new purchases. Some four thousand dollars were thus realized, and this contribution has been judiciously expended. Had it not been for a marine disaster which forced a vessel bringing friezes into St. Thomas for repairs, the delay in opening would have been avoided. The Lawrence collection of armor given to the Museum was destroyed at the great fire. A portion of the insurance was recovered, and this has been devoted to procuring works of great value.

These two have been the only drawbacks which the trustees have encountered since the initiation of the Museum. The land upon which the building stands, and sufficient for the extension, as means may be secured, was given by the city, with no other condition imposed except that four times each month the building shall be opened to the public without an admission fee. The trustees raised the money for the building before they contracted for its erection, and it is creditable to them that they have incurred no debt and have still some fifty thousand dollars in their treasury for contingencies. The money was largely contributed by our merchants. The agreeable series of receptions held four winters since at the residence of Hon. William Gray (who initiated this new method of stimulating public interest), Messrs. Henry P. Kidder, Nathan Matthews, Samuel D. Warren, Alvin Adams, W. E. Baker and the late Francis Dane contributed materially toward that public awakening to the importance of the institution which has been so marked. The great fire and continued depression in business checked the growth of the fund, but with more favorable times we hope to see the merits of the Museum of Fine Arts so fully recognized that wing after wing will be added and the aims of its projectors more than fulfilled. General C. G. Loring has recently been appointed Curator, and Mr. Charles C. Perkins also accepted the position of Honorary Director, thus securing for the work two gentlemen of rare gifts for their respective positions.

### Rubinstein's "The Maccabees" in Berlin.

(From the *Monthly Musical Record*.)

The appearance of so eminent a man as Rubinstein in the arena of Musical Drama has not failed to excite the attention of watchful criticism. His ambition soars high, and he undoubtedly possesses in a remarkable degree the characteristics which fit him to embrace the whole range of his art. Moreover, Rubinstein is not one of those "savants" who shut themselves up in their cell; he moves in the very flux of international life; he is almost ubiquitous; for with indomitable energy he lends to the production of his instrumental compositions the weight of his presence and co-operation in most continental cities. And who could hear him without being struck with his talent and marvellous versatility no less than with his powerful individuality? He so rivets our attention, and is himself so completely absorbed by his art, that we might trace his

sublime musical eloquence almost to the "inspired Castalian springs." This, then, is the composer of "The Maccabees." Let us now see if this opera verifies the moral of the fable—"A l'œuvre on connaît l'artisan." \* \* \* \* \*

It is conceded that the revival of the drama as a vital and fundamental part of opera is a merit which belongs almost exclusively to Wagner. Whatever we may think of his school, he has indisputably proved the necessity of building the musical structure of opera upon a solid dramatic foundation, and by the breadth and boldness of his style has clothed it with new vigor. In this respect his standard has found universal acceptance; and Rubinstein has not departed from it in his "Maccabees."

The history of a nation fighting, as the Jews did, for their religion, must always abound in stirring incidents, and bring into prominence alike the best and the worst aspects of human nature. And no period of the history of the Jews could yield better material for a great drama than that of the revolt against the Syrian rule under the Maccabees. The book of Rubinstein's opera is derived from a drama of the same name; and so admirably has Mosenthal succeeded in adapting it to the purposes of a powerful score that the book may truly be pronounced one of the best ever produced. The following may serve as a rapid sketch of its leading features:—

The first act finds Leah, the head of the Hasmo-nees, in Modin, surrounded by four of her sons—Judas, Eleazar, Joakim and Benjamin—and the Jews and Shimites preparing for the annual feast. She upbraids Judas, her eldest born, for his want of patriotic zeal; not only does he neglect his duty to the sacred cause, but he has brought disgrace on the family by choosing for his wife Noëmi, the daughter of a Shimite; to Eleazar her favorite son she confides a dream in which he appears as king and high priest; for she looks upon him as the hope of Israel. Joakim arrives from Jerusalem with news of the death of the high priest, and calls on Leah to appoint a successor from among her family. Judas refuses; Eleazar eagerly accepts; but he has hardly received Leah's blessing, when the Syrians enter Modin under Gorgias, who announces the capture of Jerusalem, and in the name of Antiochus Epiphanes demands recognition of the Greek gods. An altar is erected, the Syrians offer a sacrifice to Pallas Athene, and already the Shimites show signs of submission, when Judas rushes upon the altar, destroys it, and standing on its fragments, vows that none but Jehovah shall be worshipped in Israel. The Jews now attack the Syrians; Gorgias hastily retreats, and Judas sets out to lead the Jews against the enemy.

The second act shows us Judas at the head of his victorious army in pursuit of the Syrians. But the setting sun announces the approaching Sabbath; the Jews, regardless of their leader's remonstrance, kneel down in prayer; but they are surprised by the Syrians, and a general massacre ensues, from which Judas alone escapes. Eleazar, on the other hand, has gone over to Antiochus; under the name of Phaoon, he is not only the favorite of the king, but has also won the heart of his daughter Cleopatra; and in the second scene we find him and Cleopatra exchanging ardent professions of love; she tells him of her beautiful gods and goddesses; if he will worship them, he shall be crowned king at Jerusalem; and so they hasten to Antiochus, for to his own ambition Phaoon is ready even to sacrifice his faith. The third scene takes us again to Modin. Leah and her people are celebrating their victories with cymbals and dances; but the thanksgiving is interrupted by the Shimites, who bring tidings of the massacre of Enaüs. They accuse Leah of having brought all this misery upon the people; she is seized, and tied to a tree; Joakim and Benjamin are torn away from their mother to be handed over to Antiochus as hostages; Leah is forsaken by all but Noëmi, whom she had hated and despised; Noëmi saves her, and she speeds to the Syrian camp, hoping to obtain from Antiochus the release of her children.

The third act finds Judas in the beleaguered city of Jerusalem, a fugitive, unknown, and anxiously avoiding the people, despairing of an all but hopeless cause. But the Jews still believe in him as their leader; and hearing them implore Jehovah for his return, he steps forward; they recognize him; and in an impassioned appeal he enjoins them to make a supreme effort and arm for a sally. It is here that Noëmi finds her husband; from his "Rose of Sharon" he learns that Eleazar has betrayed his people, that Joakim and Benjamin, and even his mother are at the mercy of Antiochus. His soul is in arms; he feels that Jehovah has chosen him to

deliver Israel, and sets out to accomplish his sacred task. The second scene shows us Antiochus in his tent, brooding over a terrible dream in which he recognizes an evil omen from the gods. Eleazar and Cleopatra try to dispel his fears by the hope of an easy victory; but Gorgias enters and announces that the Syrians refuse to fight against the Jews; and presently Leah is admitted. She implores Antiochus to release her children; she offers her own life to save them; but the king is immovable; only by renouncing their faith can they escape death by the flames. At this moment Leah recognizes Eleazar, and appeals to him; but even his and Cleopatra's intercession cannot move Antiochus. The children are brought in, and Leah offers to die with them. But Antiochus has reserved a more terrible fate for her; she shall see her children die. Eleazar, obeying a higher influence, voluntarily shares the fate of the martyrs; but suddenly the scene darkens; peals of thunder tell Antiochus that he is pursued by the Eumenides; and he and his followers take to flight. Judas is approaching with his victorious army; but Leah dies in ecstasy before her son, and Noëmi appears on the scene; and amidst praises to Jehovah, Judas Maccabeus receives the reward of his valor—the crown of Israel.

It will be seen from this brief outline that the book has all the characteristics of a powerful drama; and there are but one or two incidents which seem open to criticism, such as the massacre of the Jews in the second act, and in the third act the somewhat too sudden conversion of Eleazar, followed by the precipitate flight of Antiochus. But all the characters are powerfully drawn. There is Leah, her intense love for her children, combined with her ambition and her almost fanatic religious zeal; there is the noble and upright character of the Jewish hero, as opposed to the weak and vacillating Eleazar; Noëmi's self-denying love, and the idyllic charm which surrounds this "Rose of Sharon," as contrasted with the absorbing passion and dazzling beauty of Cleopatra; the Jews, Shimites and Syrians always taking part in the action, and all opposed to each other; and there is, above all, the strong contrast between rigid monotheism and the softness of Greek worship. Surely the most ambitious composer could not have desired a greater variety of material!

The score of "The Maccabees" strikes us at once as a very remarkable work. It was feared that a drama so abounding in great contrasts would tempt the composer into a display of that uneven and often excessive instrumentation which mars the effect of some of his earlier compositions. But in "The Maccabees" Rubinstein shows himself in an entirely new aspect. His individuality strongly asserts itself in this, as it does in most of his works; nor can we fail to notice throughout the opera a touch of that mysterious power inherent in the music of some of the Slavic races. But the opera reveals more; it shows originality and brilliancy backed up by routine and great erudition; there are no signs of the spasmodic efforts of an over-excited genius; dignity and a certain classic repose pervade the whole; and even in the torrent and tempest of passion he shows, to use the poet's language, that temperance which gives it smoothness.

The features which Rubinstein's opera has in common with the advanced modern school are, continuity of action, and an absence of "aria" in the strict acceptance of the term. Its distinctive features, on the other hand, may be summed up as follows:—

(1) The vocal element predominates over the instrumental. (2) Both harmony and instrumentation are marked by great simplicity. (3) A leading part is assigned to the chorus.

It is obvious, then, that as regards the vocal and instrumental treatment of an opera, Rubinstein follows a course diametrically opposed to that marked out by the Wagner school. Wagner, we know, regards the orchestra, and not the voice, as the principal agent of expression; and the chorus but seldom finds a place in such works as the "Nibelungen." And now, in the face of this doctrine, Rubinstein has shown in his "Maccabees"—what indeed the immortal composer of "Fidelio" taught us long ago—that it is quite possible to produce great and genuine effect without transferring the eloquence from the stage to the orchestra, and that it is quite possible for the chorus to take a prominent part in the action. The introduction to the opera rather tends to the oratorio style; the recitative is bold, and may not unjustly be described as a purer form of the Meyerbeer recitative; the few duets which the composer has introduced, such as the love duet of



Eleazar and Cleopatra in the second act, and Judas and Noëmi's duet in the third, are remarkable for their lyric beauty; and every act rises with rhetorical precision to its climax, which in every instance is reached by the chorus taking up the subject immediately preceding; thus, in the first act, Judas declaring the glory of Jehovah after destroying the altar of Pallas Athena; in the second act Leah's thanksgiving; in the third, the Jews recognizing Maccabæus—all these are scenes which, by the boldness and grandeur of symphonic treatment, tell with irresistible force. There is perhaps but one feature in the opera which seems to invite criticism. Rubinstein has introduced one or two Hebrew melodies, such as Leah's "Adonai Shaddai," in the first, and a kind of thanksgiving strain in the second act. They are unquestionably highly effective; but it has been remarked that, considering how very unreliable is the tradition as to what original Hebrew melodies really were, it was hardly judicious to drag into the opera, as it were *faute de mieux*, strains which he probably discovered among the forgotten lore of some ancient synagogue. That, however, is a question of minor importance, on which diversity of opinion can exist; it does not affect the excellence of this remarkable work as a whole; and the masterly treatment of a grand subject, the boldness of conception, the consistency with which he has avoided mere theatrical effects by rigidly subordinating form to substance;—all these are merits the more to be extolled as he has earned them in a field which is comparatively new to him. His "Maccabæus" has been produced in Berlin and Prague; his "Nero" has been accepted, and is reported to be in rehearsal in Vienna; and, what is perhaps the most severe test of all, the doors of the Gewandhaus, of Leipzig, have been thrown open to him and his "Paradise Lost."

But the production of such a work taxes to the utmost the resources even of an opera such as that of Berlin. There were rumors of a hitch at the time, and the great vocal difficulties of the score had probably something to do with it. And Leah's is certainly a part such as probably never before fell to the lot of an alto; it requires an artist of Marie Brandt's exceptional ability and powers of endurance to do it justice. I know of no baritone who surpasses, or even equals Betz; his gigantic voice and powerful figure alike tower above both chorus and orchestra; and there is something sublime in this man, as with fiery eloquence he pours forth those majestic declamatory passages in which the Jewish hero, fighting for a sacred cause, rises to the very summit of his enthusiasm. Truly, this is an ideal Maccabæus! The performance is in every respect exemplary; for the opera is mounted with great magnificence, and with all that artistic care which the managers never fail to bestow on the production of a work likely to add to the lustre of the temple of art *unter den Linden*. Rubinstein superintended personally the first performance, and honors fell thick upon him. The opera has, since then, been repeated regularly almost every month, and it is only quite recently that the composer met with an even more enthusiastic reception in Prague on the first production of "The Maccabæus" in that city. C. P. S.

### "Joshua."

AN ACCOUNT OF ONE OF HANDEL'S LEAST KNOWN WORKS.

(From the Courier.)

The Handel and Haydn Society will perform at its five hundred and ninety-third concert, to be given on Easter Sunday, the concluding concert of its sixty-first season, Handel's oratorio of *Joshua*, this being its first performance in America. It is a little singular that the work, as a whole, has been suffered to remain so long in neglect, as the records of the society show that several of the choruses and solos have been sung from time to time at its concerts, two choruses having been offered as early in its history as 1816, at its second public concert. *Joshua* is, like *Judas Maccabæus*, a military and warlike drama. The text is in verse—it would be akin to flattery to call it poetry—and was supplied by T. Morell, who was also the author of the book of *Judas Maccabæus*, and also of a sort of patchwork made up of airs from Handel's work produced by Smith, Handel's amanuensis, after the death of his great master, in 1769, entitled *Gideon*. Morell, who died in 1784, aged 73 years, was a clergyman, a man of learning, and an industrious writer, his pen having aided him in earning, in addition to the income derived from a small benefice, a respectable livelihood. The words of *Alexander Balus*, *Theodora*, *Jephtha*, *The Triumph of Time*, and, presuma-

bly, the *The Occasional Oratorio*, were also from his pen. The name of Morell, recalls the following story illustrative of Handel's violent temper: One day, Morell represented to Handel that the music of an air did not exactly render the sense of the words; whereupon Handel instantly flew into a most foolish passion, and cried out, with the anger of insulted pride: "Vat, you teach me music! De music, sir, ish good music. It is your notes ish bad. Hear de passage again," repeating it vehemently on the harpsichord. "Dere; go you, make words to dat music." Handel wrote *Joshua* July 19 to August 19, 1747, being then in his sixty-third year, and it was first performed during the following year. The following is the argument:

**PART I.** The children of Israel celebrate their miraculous passage over the river Jordan, and their entrance into the land of Canaan, under the guidance of Joshua. Joshua receives from an angel his commission to go up against Jericho, and prepare the people for the attack. The mutual attachment of Othniel and Achsah, and the departure of Othniel to join in the war against Jericho.

**PART II.** The destruction of the City of Jericho. The feast of the passover kept. Tidings brought of the defeat of Israel at Ai. Joshua rouses the people to renew the attack. Othniel re-visits Achsah. Her father, Caleb, dismisses him to the war in defence of the Gibeonites, the allies of Israel. Joshua and his army rescue Gibeon from the five confederate kings of the Amorites. The miracle of the sun and moon being stayed in their course during the battle.

**PART III.** The wars having terminated, the people celebrate the praises of Joshua. He allots to Caleb the portion of the land which has been promised him by Moses. The gratitude of Caleb and the members of his tribe. Caleb promises to bestow his daughter Achsah on whoever shall subdue the city of Debir. The task undertaken by Othniel, for whose success the aid of the Almighty is invoked. Othniel's triumphant return from victory. Receives the reward of his valor. The happy condition of the people, and their grateful ascription of praise to the Almighty.

*Joshua* abounds in instances of Handel's dramatic power. The gentler passion even is depicted in the song by Othniel in reply to the promise of Caleb to give his daughter, Achsah, to whoever shall take the city of Debir. "The city is thine," cries Othniel:

Place danger around me,  
The storm I'll despise;  
What arms shall confound me,  
When Achsah's the prize?

A specimen of sound-painting is cited by Hawkins as follows: "He has endeavored, by the harmony of one long, extended note, to impress upon the imagination of his hearers, the idea of the great luminary of the universe arrested in his course; or, in other words, to make them hear the sun stand still." Handel's biographer, Schelcher, admits that *Joshua* may be reproached with having too many recitatives, but claims that it also contains many supreme beauties. He says: "Achsah's air, 'Hark, 'tis the linnet,' with a simple accompaniment of the violin and flute, is charmingly graceful, and will always be certain of its effect. I am surprised that concert singers do not avail themselves of it. 'Heroes, when with glory burning,' is one of those valiant and heroic inspirations in which Handel excelled. In the march there is an admirable mingling of religious feeling with martial audacity." Shield, one of the veterans of English music, says, in his theoretical book entitled *Introduction of Harmony*: "Travelling from London to Taplow with the father of modern harmony [Haydn], and having, during the preceding evening, observed his countenance expressing rapturous astonishment during the concert of ancient music, I embraced the favorable opportunity of asking him how he estimated the chorus in *Joshua*, 'The nations tremble.' The reply was, he had long been acquainted with music, but never knew half its powers before he heard it, and he was perfectly certain that only one inspired author ever did, or ever would, pen so sublime a composition." To make this wonderful chorus known in foreign cities, where English oratorios are not collected, Mr. Shield has given the score of it in his work but regrets that his limits would not allow the insertion of its impressive introductory air, "Glory to God." Another air in *Joshua*, "Powerful guardians," had an immense and deserved success. It was afterward added, in a detached leaf, to the handbooks of *Judas Maccabæus* and of *Joseph*. . . .

The characters of the oratorio are as follows: Joshua [tenor], leader of the Israelites; Caleb [bass], a ruler of the tribe of Judah; Othniel [tenor or alto] a youthful warrior, betrothed to Achsah; Achsah [soprano], daughter of Caleb; an Angel [soprano], who brings to Joshua his commission. The following are the soloists engaged for the Easter performance: Mrs. Jennie Van Zandt, Miss Adelaide Philipps, Mr. Joseph Mass, and Mr. Myron W. Whitney. Mr. Zerrahn will direct the performance, and Mr. Lang will be the organist of the occasion.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 15, 1876.

### Recent Concerts.

To keep the chain complete our record must go back some weeks, beginning with

Mr. B. J. LANG's two concerts at Mechanics Hall, on Thursday afternoons, March 23 and 30. His programmes were unique, the distinctive feature being the great prominence given to the French composer who has excited so much interest here of late, Camille Saint-Saëns, organist at the Madeleine in Paris, a musician thoroughly trained in the best classical school, at home in Bach, and with a streak of genius in him. German publishers, like Leuckart of Leipzig, accept his works, although he is not wholly free from French sensationalism. The sensation at all events has been a fresh one, and the individuality seems unaffected. On his visit to Europe last summer Mr. Lang was commissioned by the Harvard Musical Association to procure, for its Library and its Concerts, some of the principal compositions of Saint-Saëns; and of the collection which he brought there have figured in the Symphony Concerts: 1. the second piano concerto (played by Mr. Lang); 2. the concerto for 'cello (Mr. Wulf Fries); and 3. the most important of his Symphonic poems, "Phaeton." Theodore Thomas also has brought out two of the minor symphonic poems: *Le Rouet d'Omphale* and the *Danse Macabre*. Moreover in Von Bülow's programmes there was an interesting string Quartet by this (to the American public) new composer. So that the musical season of our city has, for better or for worse, had a pronounced flavor of Saint-Saëns-ism. And now again, in these two programmes of our very popular pianist, more than the lion's share has been given to compositions and arrangements by Saint-Saëns. The first programme was as follows:

Variations for two Piano-Fortes, on a theme by Beethoven, Op. 35.....Saint-Saëns  
Mr. Arthur W. Foote and Mr. B. J. Lang.  
Slumber Song, Op. 1.....Robert Franz  
Miss Ita Welsh.  
Piano-Forte. { Largo from the Fifth Sonata.....Bach  
Overture to the Twenty-Eighth Cantata.....Bach  
Air from the Thirtieth Cantata.....Bach  
Gavotte from the Sixth Sonata.....Bach  
Polonaise, { Op. 6.....Saran  
March, {  
Waltz, {  
Mr. B. J. Lang.  
Song, "L'Addie,".....Mozart  
Miss Ita Welsh.  
Concerto No. 2, in G minor, Op. 22.....Saint-Saëns.  
Andante sostenuto—Allegro scherzando—Presto.  
Mr. B. J. Lang.

The theme of Beethoven, on which Saint-Saëns has made masterly Variations for two pianos, is that of the Trio (after the Minuet), in the Sonata in E flat, Op. 81, No. 3. These Variations seemed to us to be modelled in some respects upon, or suggested by, Beethoven's own remarkable Variations (his Op. 35) for one piano on a theme from the *Eroica*. Like them they are developments of ideal contents, character, rather than mere mechanical and ornamental "variations," and abound in rich contrasts both in rhythm, harmony and sentiment, holding up the one theme in the light of shifting moods. Like these, they end with an elaborate fugue. They are difficult, but were exceedingly well executed, and the impression was so good that one would welcome the first opportunity of hearing them again.

The four selections from Bach are transcriptions by Saint-Saëns. The first and fourth are from the Six Sonatas composed by Bach for Violin without accompaniment. Admirable works, full of ideal beauty and consummate art, and still a study for the foremost violinists of the present day. Indeed the Violin melody is so constructed as to be virtually complete in itself, carrying its own harmony along with it. But they are published with a very

beautiful and sympathetic pianoforte accompaniment by Schumann; to hear them in that form, is a far higher pleasure than to listen to the best possible transcription, and no doubt this by Saint-Saëns is a fine one. The *Largo* (in F) has a most lovely flowing melody, gentle, thoughtful and serene, bringing a spell of sweet peace over one who truly listens. The *Gavotte* (in E), in Rondo form, is one of the brightest, freshest, most naive and piquant of the many charming movements in that old dance form which are found in Bach's various Suites, Sonatas, etc., and justified its place at the conclusion of the group. The Overture to the 28th Cantata (the 29th must be the one meant, according to the order of the *Bach-Gesellschaft's* edition) is a brilliant *Presto* movement in D major, of very much the same character with the opening of the *Magnificat*. It is scored originally for three trumpets, two oboes, string quartet, tympani and organ obligato; and was here so arranged and so played as to make a very enlivening piano piece. The Cantata is one of thanksgiving and praise.—The Air from the 30th Cantata is one of those which Robert Franz has arranged with piano accompaniment (No. 1 in the set of nine), preceded by a short recitative: "The herald comes, announcing the King." The Air is in A, *Andante con moto*,—a tender and melodious exhortation, in which a very winning syncopated motive alternates in a curious manner with extended passages in triplets. The first words, which we will not venture to translate, are:

Kommt, ihr angefocht'nen Sünder,  
Eilt und laßt, ihr Adamskinder,  
Euer Heiland ruft und schreit.  
Kommet, ihr verirrt'nen Schafe,  
Stehet auf vom Sündenschlafe,  
Denn jetzt ist die Gnaden Zeit.

These four little pieces, well contrasted as to key and character, and thoughtfully interpreted with due discrimination of expression, gave general pleasure and helped to increase the growing interest in Bach.

Any new contribution from Saran (Franz's friend and pupil) is sure to be listened to with eagerness; but these three little pieces (Polonaise, March and Waltz, op. 6), although pleasing and not without a certain individual flavor, seem to us slight and commonplace compared to what he has given us before; yet they will have charm for many.

The brilliant and original Concerto by Saint-Saëns lost not a little of its effect in the absence of an orchestra; but on the other hand the pianoforte part, heard in a smaller room, and played with the same consummate mastery as before, with the accompaniments well sketched in upon a second piano by Mr. Foote, was a vivid reminder of the first performance, and was warmly appreciated.

Miss WELSH sang Tieck's "Slumber Song" to Franz's exquisite music, very sweetly, with delicate refined expression, but her voice sounded to us more thin and childlike than it has done at its best. The simplicity of Mozart's melody was lost in the effort to express too much; it became sentimental; a singer of so much promise, and so musical a nature, must be on her guard against that danger; responsive audiences are too apt to mislead in that direction.—The second programme follows:

Trio in F major, Op. 18, for Piano-Forte, Violin and Violoncello.....Saint-Saëns  
Mr. August Fries, Mr. Wulf Fries and Mr. E. J. Lang.  
Song: "Meine Ruh' ist hin,".....Schubert  
Miss Lillian Bailey.  
Air from the Thirty-Sixth Cantata.....Bach  
Chorus from the Thirtieth Cantata.....Bach  
Fugue in E major (well tempered clavi'd.).....Bach  
Gavotte from the Second Sonata.....Bach  
Andante from Concerto No. 1, op. 17.....Saint-Saëns  
Song, "Murmeldes Lüftchen, Blüthenwind,".....Jensen  
Concerto in B flat minor, Op. 23.....Tchaikowsky  
Andante non troppo maestoso—Allegro con spirito—Andante semplice—Allegro vivace assai—Allegro con fuoco.

The Trio by Saint-Saëns, of which this was our first and only hearing, is classical in form, free from extravagance, poetic and felicitous in its suggestions, and for the most part light and delicate in treatment. The first movement (*Allegro vivace*) has an airy, playful theme, a passing breath of air, first caught by the 'cello, then the violin, then the piano takes it, and it develops in a most graceful, genial and artistic manner, showing that the composer has the master faculty of making much out of slight materials. The *Andante* (in A minor) has a serious, impressive, ballad-like character, yielding at length to an episode in the major, of a quicker movement, and in altogether sweeter and more gracious mood,—a continuous legato melody in one or the other of the strings, while the piano furnishes a gentle harp-like figure of accompaniment. The *Scherzo* (*Presto*) seems for some measures a mere random touching of a few single notes, careless and impromptu, but growing into a theme, into a consistent movement beautiful and fascinating. The final *Allegro* still retains the character of lightness and is a fit conclusion to the whole; there are felicitous ideas in it, and we are inclined to call it the most interesting movement in the Trio, which was very finely rendered.

Four more transcriptions from Bach! The Air is from the Advent Cantata: "Schwingt freudig euch empor," a broad and flowing melody for the Soprano, to the words: *Auch mit gedämpften, schwachen Stimmen*, etc. (Even with subdued and feeble voices may God's majesty be honored). It is very beautiful, and it may be interesting to compare this song without words, into which Saint-Saëns has turned it, with the arrangement by Franz for voice with piano accompaniment. The Chorus: *Freue dich, geheiligte Schaar*, is a quick, exulting movement, with a certain Gavotte-like swagger,—inspiring and healthy music. The Gavotte from the second Violin Sonata (*Tempo de Bourrée* it is marked) was recognized as a vivacious, quaint old friend,—whether in a new garb entirely we cannot say. These pieces were all gracefully and characteristically rendered; but Mr. Lang's treatment of the noble fugue in E seemed to us a shade too sentimental.—It was a delicate and beautiful *Andante* which he played to us from the earlier Concerto of Saint-Saëns (we hope our readers are not already weary of so frequent mention of the name).—The Russian Concerto suffered peculiarly by being deprived of its orchestral background; for it is a work conceived in the extreme modern style, dependent upon brilliant accessories and color contrasts for its full effect. Without these, what intrinsically remains, with all its ingenuity and brilliancy, seems poor and uninspired and dull. Mr. Lang had mastered its immense technical difficulties surprisingly well; but it did seem as if, in putting off the gala dress, the soul had also faded from the features. How much of the pretentious music of to-day can bear this test? But Beethoven is Beethoven if you only feel his shadow pass you in the twilight!

A fresh and interesting feature of this concert was the singing of Miss LILLIAN BAILEY,—her first public effort, we believe. She is a bright, enthusiastic maiden of sixteen, with a soprano voice of singular purity and sweetness, and of a sympathetic quality. For one so young she seems to have made careful studies, as well as to possess intelligence beyond her years, and we should say a decidedly musical nature. Certainly it was no slight test for such a child to sing (in German) Schubert's *Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel*, with good understanding and expression, although of course it lacked intensity. The song by Jensen is a charming one, with a beautiful accompaniment, and was sung gracefully and sweetly. But after all, it is still a child's voice, with childlike feeling, promising much, and hence the greater need of care and patient ripening in private study before coming out in public concert life; there all the danger lies.

The twelfth concert by Pupils of the COLLEGE OF MUSIC OF BOSTON UNIVERSITY deserves notice if only for its excellent programme. It certainly indicates a positive advance in our ideas of musical education, and in the best direction, when the ambition of the pupil is engaged in the study and interpretation of such masterworks as these. Of the performances (under the direction of Mr. J. C. D. Parker) we had time to hear only a few; but what we heard was altogether creditable to the teacher and the taught.

1. a. Air and Variations [Harmonious Blacksmith], Handel  
b. March from Op. 6.....Saran  
Miss Annie M. Soule.
2. Theme and Variations in C-minor, Op. 1.....Saran  
Mr. Fred. H. Lewis.
3. a. Two Nocturnes, op. 37.....Chopin  
b. Gavotte in C-minor.....Saint-Saëns  
Mr. J. D. Buckingham.
4. a. Andante Favori in F.....Beethoven  
b. Valse, Op. 64, No. 1.....Chopin  
Mr. D. S. Blanpied.
5. a. Fairy Tale, Op. 162, No. 4.....Raff  
b. Prelude.....Chopin  
c. Tarantelle.....Thalberg  
Miss Susie A. Pearson.
6. Faschingsschwank [Carnival Franks] Op. 26,  
Schumann  
Mr. Allen W. Swan.
7. Concerto in E-minor [accompanied by 2d piano].  
Chopin  
Allegro maestoso—Larghetto—Rondo.  
Mr. John A. Preston, Jr.

Miss AMY FAY's Concert, at Mechanics' Hall, (Saturday evening, April 1), failed to attract so large an audience as her friends had good right to expect; but it was a musical, appreciative company, and the programme worthy of their best attention:

- Concerto, G minor.....Mendelssohn  
Miss Amy Fay, Mr. Aug. Fries, Mr. Henry Suck,  
Mr. Chas. Weiss, Mr. Wulf Fries, Mr. Aug.  
Stein.  
Slumber Song.....Franz  
Mr. George L. Osgood.  
Phantaisie Stuecke.....Schumann  
a. Des Abends. [Evening].  
b. Aufschwung. [Soaring].

- Quartet in D. [Op. 64].....Haydn  
a. Allegro moderato. c. Menuetto Allegretto.  
b. Adagio cantabile. d. Finale, Presto.  
Grand Polonaise, E major.....Liszt  
{ a. Thou Sunny Beam.....Schumann  
b. Old German Spring Song.....Mendelssohn  
Mendelssohn's last Composition.  
Mr. George L. Osgood.  
Canzonet.....Jensen  
Valse Impromptu.....Liszt  
Etude, C Sharp Minor, }  
Etude, D Flat Major, }.....Chopin

In the rendering of these various selections Miss Fay showed all the brilliancy of execution, the free, bold, sure hand, of which we spoke after her concert at Cambridge. It was also evident that she had studied all the compositions carefully, both as to technique and intention. Yet there was felt a certain hardness and lack of the sympathetic quality in most of her interpretations. Doubtless it was owing in a great measure to embarrassment. The somewhat unfortunate accompaniment to the Concerto (the double bass not making an appearance) may well have disconcerted her; it was a correct, but rather a literal, cold rendering. So too in the Schumann pieces there was too much conscious effort; while in the Polonaise and Waltz by Liszt, the brilliant mastery seemed too much the triumph of determined will; she possessed the music (playing all from memory), but the music hardly possessed her. We can truly say, however, that some of the later pieces, especially the graceful Canzonet by Jensen and the C sharp minor Etude by Chopin, were played with feeling and expression. That this lady, in whom Liszt has taken so much interest, is destined to take a high place among our pianists, we can hardly doubt.

Mr. Osgood's singing was admirable; and the Haydn Quartet formed one of the most genial and refreshing features of the concert.

#### Von Buelow Recitals.

For real earnest lovers and students of pianoforte music, last week was a long, full festival in Boston. Five rich programmes—two of them entirely from Beethoven, one entirely from Chopin, one from Schumann and Mendelssohn, and one from



Schubert and Liszt,—were played to well nigh absolute perfection by this wonderful artist, who holds all these things in his memory, as well as in his fingers and his brain; nor can we any longer scruple to confess that he has them all too, in the best sense of the phrase, *by heart*. For how else can we account for such an absolute fidelity of memory, such clear conception, sure, discriminating grasp of each composer's individuality, and of the whole intention, even into the minutest detail, of every composition? Could you set a soulless machine to do all that? If not done *con amore*, could it be done at all? This man's whole life and being are absorbed in these interpretations. Yet so true are they, and so complete, in every sense, that they impress you as entirely impersonal; you are not listening to Von Buelow, it is Beethoven, or it is Schumann, Chopin, Mendelssohn; his own individuality never obtrudes itself, never warps, nor even colors what it transmits. You wonder at the quietude, the seemingly impassive coolness of the man who sits there so intensely occupied in working miracles almost. It is the "sleep" of the top, the rest of complete, unobstructed motion? If it was once much a matter of the will, it must now be matter of the heart; in the interpretation of Beethoven it must be something more than practice that makes easy.

We spoke of the interest which these concerts have for students; never before have we seen so many listening with the volume of Sonatas in their hands. And this is the true way to appreciate these masterly interpretations. What you see before you in notes and characters upon the page, is in a marvellous manner taken out of the book and put into the air as living sound; you hear it as you read it; the ideal has become audible and real; and it is done as quietly, as perfectly as the sun takes pictures; you feel no effort, no disturbing intervention of fingers and of mechanism. This may be or may not be genius; surely it is an invaluable help to anyone who must depend upon the sense of hearing mainly for any positive perception of the beauty and the meaning of those ideal and most difficult tone-poems which two or three only in a generation are competent to execute as they should sound.

The only serious obstruction to complete appreciation and enjoyment was the vast size of the Music Hall; such music requires close communion in a smaller room; Von Buelow, to be sure, has such remarkable distinctness of touch and positive command of tone, even in the finest phrases, that the ear loses less than usual when he plays; but even he is obliged to play some passages not altogether as he would desire, to make them heard. In the present case, too, the audience was seldom larger than could be accommodated in a Chamber Concert hall.

Now think of the intense mental concentration, the unrelaxing muscular and nervous strain, the hidden evermore renewed excitement of the man who has been giving concerts of this exacting kind, night after night, and with no aid from others! (The *matinée* of Saturday was the 118th performance he has given in this country since his arrival in October). We have only room for a glance at what he has done for musical culture in our city in that single week. The programmes ought to tell the story for themselves; the rest may pass without saying, or be summed up in the general remark, already made, borne out by many witnesses, that everything was rendered with a marvellous perfection. In the first Recital (Monday afternoon, April 8), we heard three important Sonatas, besides other rare and noble works, of Beethoven:

1. Sonata Patetica. Opus 14.
2. Adagio con Variazioni. Op. 27.
3. Sonata quasi Fantasia. Op. 27. No. 1 in E flat.
4. Sonata. Op. 110. In A flat.  
(Moderato cantabile molto espressivo—Allegro molto [Scherzo]—Finale: Recitativo, Arioso e Fuga).
5. Fantasia. Op. 77.
6. XV Variations. Fuga ed Andante Finale on a Theme of the Sinfonia eroica, Op. 35, in E flat.

We have never heard the Pathetic Sonata played more entirely as it stands in our mind, after many years of study and familiarity with, in all respects of tempi, accent, phrasing and expression. The Adagio was rich, clear and satisfying, even in some

measures which are apt to sound obscurely in the lower portion of the keyboard; and with what an exquisite piquancy and lightness he touched the theme of the *Finale*! We also thought we knew the *Sonata quasi Fantasia* in E flat before; but this time it had new richness, beauty, vividness of meaning, and new fire. In the great Sonata of the later period in A flat—that deep and passionate dramatic monologue—all the exquisite tenderness and beauty of the Recitative and Arioso were sensitively clear in form and accent; the *Cantabile* was perfect, and so was the Fugue. To know such works rightly, one must be a masterly pianist himself, or wait for one like Bülow to vouchsafe to him a hearing.—The second number of the programme is that remarkable set of Variations of which each one is a new creation, born of the first theme, yet each in a different key and different form, as Minuet, March, etc. A more elaborate series is the *Eroica* Variations, extremely difficult some of them, but not for this interpreter. Perhaps nothing gave us a fresher pleasure than to hear that wonderful *Fantasia*—the perfect type of a *Fantasia*, which you can imagine to have been improvised at one heat; we have often looked at it, tried easier parts of it, and longed to hear it. This time the longing was fulfilled, even to the perfect realizing of all those fleeting, delicate aural coruscations and embellishments which we should think no fingers, but only electricity could render.

The other Beethoven programme (third Recital on Thursday) offered four Sonatas; thus:

- Sonata. Op. 31. No. 2 in D minor.  
Sonata. Op. 109. In E major.  
(Introduzione—Prestissimo—Andante molto cantabile con Variazioni).  
Rondo Capriccioso. Op. 139. [Posthumous work].  
Sonata Appassionata. Op. 57, in F minor.  
32 Variations sur un Theme original. In C minor.  
Les Adieux l'absence et le retour. Sonate caracteristique, Op. 81, a.

We may not stop to tell how admirably the two "Tempest" Sonatas were given, especially the fairy-like Rondo finale of the first, and indeed all of the *Appassionata*; nor how perfectly the sentiment of "Les Adieux" etc., the yearning and the rapture, were expressed,—one of the loveliest of the Sonatas, very seldom heard in public. The Rondo Capriccioso seemed to us commonplace and slight for Beethoven. The 32 Variations on a Theme in C minor were set forth in all their significance of contrast.

The Schumann-Mendelssohn Night (Tuesday) is memorable for the inclement storm without and for the rare feast which rewarded the few faithful ones (barely 200) who braved its fury for the love of noble music. Here is the programme:

1. Robert Schumann:  
Third Grand Sonata in F minor.  
Allegro—Scherzo—Quasi Variazioni—Prestissimo.
2. R. Schumann:  
[a] "Blumenstück." Op. 19.  
[b] "Abends" and "Grillen," from *Fantasiestück*. Op. 12.  
[c] Marche Nocturne. from Op. 23.  
[d] Romance. Op. 28, No. 2.  
[e] Novellette. Op. 21, No. 7.
3. Felix Mendelssohn:  
[a] Allegro Grazioso. Op. 33, No. 2.  
[b] Prelude and Fugue. Op. 35, No. 1.  
[c] Scherzo. Op. 7, No. 7.  
[d] Variations in E flat. Op. 82.  
[e] Grand Capriccio. Op. 7, in F sharp minor.
4. R. Schumann:  
"Wiener Fasching," five fancy pieces. Op. 26.  
Allegro—Romance—Scherzino—Intermezzo—Finale.

The little company made up by closeness of attention and sympathetic, frank applause, for lack of numbers, so that the magnetic rapport was complete between the giver and receiver. That Schumann Sonata was quite new here; in the first edition it was entitled a "Concerto without accompaniment,"—a notion of the publisher's, we think. It is full of original, imaginative strength and beauty, with traits here and there of the impetuous young *Davidbündler* spirit. The theme on which the *quasi Variazioni* are written, was composed by Clara Wieck, and has a solemn, almost tragic grandeur. Some of the smaller Schumann pieces were new to most, and very interesting. So were some of the Mendelssohn selections; the Allegro Grazioso, the Grand Capriccio, and the quaint, bright little Scherzo, are singularly fresh and genial, and were exquisitely played, particularly the Scherzo, which called forth a general murmur of delight.

And now we must bring this to a swift conclusion, simply recording the last two programmes; that of Friday evening, April 7, which claimed our presence elsewhere, and that of Saturday afternoon,—the Chopin feast which was, in some respects, the most remarkable of all, the opening and closing numbers being entirely new to most of us.

## IV.

1. Franz Schubert:  
Grand Sonata in A major, (last work but one).  
Allegro—Andantino—Scherzo—Rondo.
2. F. Schubert:  
[a] Impromptu in E flat. Op. 90, No. 2.  
[b] Elegie in G major. Op. 90, No. 3.  
[c] Capriccio. Op. 142, No. 4, in F minor.
3. F. Schubert:  
Two Waltz-Caprices. Illustrated by Franz Liszt.  
[Solfège de Vienne, No. 4 and 5.]
4. Franz Liszt:  
[a] Le lac.  
[b] Eclogue.  
[c] Au bord d'une source.  
[d] Polonaise héroïque, in E major.
5. F. Liszt:  
[a] Dans les bois.  
[b] Danse des Gnomes.  
[c] Mozourka brillante.  
[d] Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 12. (Dédié a Jos. Joachim).

## V. [CHOPIN].

1. Third Grand Sonata in B minor. Op. 58.  
Allegro maestoso—Scherzo vivace—Largo—Finale.
2. [a] Variations on a Romance of Herold's Opus 12.  
[b] Nocturne, Opus 27, No. 2. [c] Impromptu, Opus 36.  
[d] Three Waltzes, Opus 34.
3. [a] Ballade, Opus 23, in G minor. [b] Nocturne, Opus 9, No. 3 in B major. [c] Selection of Mazurkas. [d] Berceuse, Opus 57. [e] Polonaise, Opus 53.
4. Grand Concert-Allegro in A major, Opus 46.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. A week of Von Buelow is followed by a week of Oratorios. On Sunday evening the third and most successful presentation in this city, and this country, of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion Music* was given before a very large and deeply impressed audience. We need more room than we have now to speak of it.

—On Wednesday evening,—Mlle. TRETYA having signified her wish to make her farewell appearance in America in our favored city—Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* were performed.

Next Sunday evening (Easter) an Oratorio entirely new to our public, and of a heroic, joyous character, well suited to the season, Handel's *Josua*, will be performed; an account of it, from last Sunday's *Courier*, will be found on another page, together with the list of solo artists. The Society has been fortunate in procuring, through the kind intervention of Mr. Dresel, now in Leipzig, the additional accompaniments prepared for it by Julius Rietz, the Dresden Kapellmeister.

And this reminds us of a similar service which Robert Franz has done for our Oratorio society, in completing the orchestral score of those portions of *The Messiah* which Mozart left in the imperfect, sketchy state in which the score came from Handel's hands. The following letter was read at a recent rehearsal of the Society:

To the President of the Handel and Haydn Society.

HALLE, Feb. 17, 1876.

Most Honored Sir:—I have received your welcome letter of the 23d of January, through Messrs. Breitkopf and Haertel of Leipzig, and also your enclosure. For both I would convey to you my most grateful thanks, and pray you to transmit the same to the Directors of the H. H. S., in Boston. It has given me great pleasure to be able to show my friends in America how deeply I felt myself indebted to them. In many years nothing but what showed kindness and affection has reached me from them; and that too, at a time when I was struggling in my own country with many hindrances. These tokens of sympathy aided much in my development, and raised my flagging courage, when it otherwise might have failed. For such gifts there can be no return, and I shall always therefore remain deeply in your debt. In the assurance of my deepest respect, I remain,

Your obliged  
ROBERT FRANZ.

## Music in Chicago.

MARCH 26.—Since my last letter a great many musical events of some interest have taken place here, due notice of which I have been compelled to omit for lack of time to do it properly. Among these were the Von Buelow concerts, of which there were four, all but one of which I had the good fortune to hear. You have already spoken so justly of his playing that nothing remains for me to add save to record the fact that they were extremely well received and had very fair houses, amounting, I am told, to something over five thousand dollars for the four, which was very good for concerts given by two persons only, as these were. For myself I am unable to find Von Buelow lacking in soul. His playing is, of course, first of all intelligent and intellectual; but I

am unable to imagine that he could carry in his memory the immense repertory of pieces always at his command, if they did not exist for him as so much musical imagination. In other words his playing seems to me to indicate that these things exist in his mind as tone-pictures, or dreams remembered, and reproduced for the delight of the audience. Music seems to me a part of his nature, a mode of speech not distinctively his vernacular, but so thoroughly acquired and so habitual in practice as to have become very far from a merely slavish reproduction [however able] of notes set down for him by some greater enchanter. At all events the playing is delightful.

Another affair of no small local interest is the inception of a new choral society for the study of Oratorio. It is a West Side institution, of about a hundred members, working away at "Samson" under the direction of Mr. Blackman. When they appear in public I hope to be there to hear.

The second concert of the Apollo society occurred something over a month ago with a good programme, though perhaps a shade too English, the most-trying number of which was Wagner's "Pilgrim Chorus" from "Tannhäuser," which was done remarkably well. Throughout this concert the superior discipline of the Club was very apparent. The piano-playing on this occasion was done by Mrs. Regina Watson, a lady who at one time had some lessons of Tausig, and who played here last winter as I wrote you at the time. Although of considerable attainments she is hardly a good public player, by reason of her great nervousness.

Then again there was a private musical evening given by the Hershey School of Musical Art, at which the programme was as follows:

1. Sonata in C, op. 7.....Ludwig Berger  
H. C. Eddy.
2. {a. In questa tomba oscura.....Beethoven  
b. "Der Fischer".....Curschman  
Mrs. S. B. Hershey.
3. {The Greeting.....Mendelssohn  
The Maybells and the Flowers.....
4. Sonata in D minor, op. 31, No. 2.....Beethoven  
Mrs. Clara von Klenze.
5. {a. "Good Night".....H. Clarence Eddy  
b. Medje.....Gounod  
Mrs. Clara D. Stacey.
6. Capriccio Brillante in B minor.....Mendelssohn  
Mrs. Clara von Klenze,  
with second piano part by  
Mr. H. Clarence Eddy.

Mr. Eddy is not distinctively a pianist, his touch lacking in the picturesque, though it is always a pleasure to hear so fine a musician; for refined and elegant phrasing and repose and accuracy of execution are not sufficiently common. Mrs. von Klenze is a new comer here from Berlin, a pupil of Kullak, a lady of great refinement and of a very delicate and elegant touch combined with considerable technique. She will devote herself to teaching, and I regard her as a very important accession to our local forces.

Last Thursday night came the third Apollo concert, with this programme:

1. Rhine Song.....Smart
2. Night Winds that so gently flow.....Baptiste Calkin
3. Sonata Appassionata, op. 57.....Beethoven  
Miss Julia Rivé.
4. {a. Serenade.....Marschner  
b. Miller's Song.....Zöllner
5. "Bel Raggio" (Semiramide).....Rossini  
Miss W. E. Benziger.
6. Latin Drinking Song.....R. Genée
7. Hymn to Music.....Lachner
8. {a. Ballade in A.....Chopin  
b. Polonaise in E.....Liszt  
Miss Julia Rivé.
9. On the Water [with Baritone solo].....Abt
10. "Staccato Polka," vocal.....Mulder  
Miss Benziger.
11. Walts [Arion].....Vogel

The most ambitious number was the Hymn to Music by Lachner, wherein he seems to have undertaken more in the line of descriptive illustration than the resources of a male chorus, with its somewhat monotonous timbre, permits of doing well. Throughout the evening the singing of the Club was of the most superior description. In all points they have not only gained, but reached a point of very fine attainment—far beyond any chorus singing ever heard here before. I am very sorry to be unable to send you Mr. Upton's opinion [the *Tribune*]; for the precision, pure tone, intelligent coloration of tone, solid intonation, fine shading, and balance of the parts, are all qualities which would have delighted him, had he not been detained at home by sad domestic affliction.

It is perhaps doubtful whether an abler chorus conductor than Mr. Tomlins can be found in this country. Certainly I have never heard choral work so well done, and I can only regret that such consummate patience and skill should not be applied in a broader field than that of the male chorus. If, for instance, one could hear the "Elijah" choruses performed with the finish this concert evinced, and accompanied by an orchestra like Thomas', with real artiste for the solo, there would be a performance it would do one good to hear.

The pianist of this concert was Miss Rivé, who has been playing a number of programmes in this vicinity during the last three weeks. The quality of her programmes you can judge from the specimen, which is all I have room for, the programme of a Recital given here last night.

- Beethoven—Sonata Appassionata, op. 57.  
Schumann—Faschingschwank, op. 26.  
Reeche—"Beside the Sea."  
Mrs. S. B. Hershey.  
Beethoven—Concerto in C minor.  
[Second piano part by W. S. B. Mathews].  
Chopin—a Ballade in G minor.  
b—Valse in D♭.  
c—Scherzo in B♭ Minor.  
Weber—Perpetual Motion.  
Ruff—Gounod's Waltz in "Romeo and Juliet."  
Liszt—Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2.

These selections were played before an audience of about four hundred [completely filling the room] and were received with great applause. All the critics agree that Miss Rivé has splendid technique and plays Liszt and that sort of thing in a way that leaves little room for even hyper-criticism. So I pass that and come to speak of her Chopin playing, in which also I think she excels. I could pardon one who disagreed with this verdict at the Apollo concert, where her rendering of the A flat Ballade came after two pieces by the chorus of seventy voices and could not but suffer from the contrast in volume and depth of tone. But last evening her performance of the Ballade in G minor and the Scherzo in B flat was, simply, great. For here we had first of all consummate technique; secondly perfect accuracy to the very last and most minute point; third a conception of the music which made it grand, picturesque, and profoundly significant; and finally the whole combined with a degree of enthusiasm and fire that one seldom hears equalled even in the greatest artists. Here in lead one heard the performance of an artist in her best mood. Equally fine in its way was her version of the lovely third concerto of Beethoven, of which she played only the first movement and Reinecke's cadenza, itself a most elegant piece of composition, and played little if any short of perfection. Having had the opportunity of hearing this concerto several times I am the more confident that the critics underestimate the artistic ability of this most talented young lady. And so I might go on and speak of her version of the great Sonata appassionata and the Schumann pieces, but I forbear. Every musician has his own idea of these great master-works, and the work of any interpreter necessarily runs counter to some favorite notion or other, especially as the great majority of those who hold and express in words their ideas of such pieces labor under an imperfection of technique that disables them from grasping the true climaxes of the piece, and so they labor for certain effects here and there which however excellent in themselves are incompatible with a broad grasp of the piece as a whole; as soon as an artist is able to present the whole piece he is obliged to reserve something for those moments where the composer has intended the passion to culminate, and this comes at the expense of many possible effects at less important points.

Miss Rivé played a programme substantially like the one here given before the young ladies in Ferry Hall Seminary at Lake Forest, and so what I here say is the conclusion arrived at after several hearings.

Mrs. S. B. Hershey is also a recent comer here, a contralto, who to a pure tone and irreproachable method adds a broad and noble delivery, and is a singer who in spite of a voice no longer fresh, is an artist of a higher type than we have had here before.

I ought also to speak of Miss J. W. Benziger of New York, who sang at the Apollo concert. The lady is, I am told, young and of considerable accomplishment in music, and on the evening in question made a great success with the audience; in spite of which I am sorry to be obliged to add that her selections were artistically insignificant, and even such as they were, were not justified by the finish of delivery which alone could excuse a singer for offering a large audience of some twenty-five hundred people four selections, all trashy [the Rossini "Bel Raggio" being the best of the lot]. She seems to have aimed at the school of Carlotta Patti, but of course in precision of execution she has yet a great deal to learn. I can and do forgive a great deal to singers; they may sing out of tune if they cannot remember the key; they may murder the text as they usually do; but when they presume to offer the best concert audience that can be gathered in this city [be it better or worse] four selections totally wanting in nobility and significance, nothing but perfect execution can absolve them; and even then I must be permitted to have my opinion of their taste.

The Beethoven society is engaged on important works, of which more anon.

Mr. Wolfsohn has commenced a series of Chopin recitals, which are largely attended by those who are able to command a holiday on Saturdays.

I had it in mind to pay my respects to some of the musical criticisms here; but this is a broad [though shallow] subject, and demands more room.

DER FREYSCHUTZ.

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and Quartet. F. 3. F to f. Booth. 30

"Sweet, sweet Home."  
Lori, tarry not but come!"

The Quartet may be omitted, when the whole becomes a beautiful solo, adding to the attractiveness of the favorite hymn.

Song of 1876. Song and Cho. G. 3. d to g. Loretz. 30

A spirited Centennial song.

Neber come home no mo'. Bb. 4. b to F. Sturmeck. 40

"An' little Mose,—well, he's dead too,  
How he used to dance and sing!"

A queer combination of negro words, with really first-class music and sentiment. An effective exhibition song.

Baby mine. Lithograph Title. F. 3. c to F. Johnston. 40

"I've a letter from thy sire,  
Baby mine! Baby mine!"

A wonderfully sweet ballad by Mackay, very popular. Now newly ornamented with a picture title.

Constancy. C major and minor. 4. c to E. Gounod. 35

"My eyes are faint with all the light,  
My hands perplexed with all these flowers."  
Gounod sets his notes in song as gems are set in gem mosaics. This song is jewel-like for brightness.

With the Tide. G. 3. d to F. Jordan. 30

"Slowly the tide came creeping in  
Thro' the clamor of billowy strife."  
Two striking musical pictures—the tide and a life coming in;—a life and the tide going out.

Betrothed. (La fidanzata). With Violin obligato. C. 5. c to F. Hackensollner. 40

"With whitest roses."  
"Di rose bianche."

A highly wrought romance, whose violin notes change it nearly into a duet. The combined effect is rich and pleasing.

The veiled Picture. F. 3. d to F. Gounod. 35

"The memory of a love as brief  
As a sweet summer day."

Exquisite.

New Songs of Gus Phillips. (Oofy Goofy); each 40

No. 3. Mrs. McSooley's Twins. G. 2.

"4. Limburger Sheese. Bb. 2. c to F.  
"5. Belogny Sassidge. F. 2. b to F.

The contrast between the gems of Gounod and these rough diamonds is sufficiently great. But the latter are capital in their way, and attract the multitude. The Belois note that "makes you head-y." The cheese "dot makes you sudrong," and the twins that make such a "murderin' squall," are all very comic to hear of.

Adaptations from Select Authors by Clouston  
No. 3. Easter Hymn, by Bendel. 25

"A hope, with comfort fraught,  
Triumphant over death and time."  
Quartet and Solo, and a really beautiful adaptation.

Hildebrand Montrose. 2. D to f. Harrigan. 40

Miss Jennie Hughes sings it, and "the boys" like to hear it.

Flower of the Alps. (Fleur des Alps). 4. Eb to b. W'ckerlin. 40

"Echo mocks my mournful sighs."  
"Echo plaintif viens recueillir."

A Swiss air of considerable variety, with the customary harmonies to provoke the echoes.

#### Instrumental.

Two Waltzes. Pratt, ea. 30

No. 1. Pull down the Blind. G. 3.

Introduces "Tommy make room for your Auntie."

No. 2. Dancing in the dreamy Waltz. D. 3.

Introduces "A Letter in the Candle." This and

No. 1 have well defined, agreeable melodies, and are likely to be favorites.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E" means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter, c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."



